

way down, and at the end of the road we found a wagon waiting for us."

The Cloud Burst.

The cloud burst must have been a heavy one, for Mr. Grant stated that the creek which his party had crossed on their way going up had risen fully ten feet. This was Mill Creek. Grant reached camp at 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon and immediately went to bed. George P. Cortner was at the camp at this time and with six men started to recover the body. They found it a more difficult undertaking than they had figured upon. They labored all night, and were compelled to send back for food and help, as the cloud burst had made the trail in some places almost impassable. Six fresh men then went up the trail and the body was finally gotten to the end of the wagon road after thirty hours of continual labor. About this time Messrs. Aldrich and Farmer arrived and as Mr. Grant was suffering from nervousness and exhaustion they decided to bring him to Redlands.

The remains arrived in Covina on Thursday morning and solemn and impressive funeral services were held the same afternoon in the M. E. Church, in charge of the pastor, Rev. Harcourt W. Peck, who was assisted by the pastors of the local churches, Rev. J. W. Utter and Rev. G. W. Taylor. All business in the city was suspended and the church was crowded with sorrowing friends. The members of the local lodge of Odd Fellows, with which the deceased was affiliated, attended in a body.

Walter Wheeler was born in Fitchburg, Mass., 38 years ago. At the age of 17 years he moved to Boulder, Colo., returning home again two years later. He then took a sea voyage to the Hawaiian Islands for 18 months. Removing to Riverside California, he was a resident of that beautiful city until 1893.

There he first met his wife, and upon their marriage in 1893 removed to Covina, where he has resided ever since. He has been a member of the Congregational denomination since he was twelve years ago. He was a man of strong personality, manly and courageous, a lover of right and an uncompromising enemy of evil. It can truly be said that Covina is better for his having lived here, and his tragic and untimely death is a sad loss not only to his family, but also to the community.

Memorial Service.

A memorial service in memory of the late Walter Wheeler will be held in the Methodist Episcopal church at 11 a. m., tomorrow.

Mr. Wheeler was a member of the official board, Superintendent of the Sunday School, and one of the leading singers of the church. He has been an earnest, active, devoted worker for many years and will be greatly missed in the church of his choice and in the community.

Several brief addresses will be given interspersed with suitable music. Mr. Clayton Shipway will speak on behalf of the Epworth League and Sunday School.

Mr. E. P. Warner will represent the church and its officials.

Mr. F. M. Chapman will speak of Mr. Wheeler as a citizen and neighbor.

The pastor will give the closing address referring to Mr. Wheeler as a "fellow laborer for Jesus' sake." A cordial invitation is extended to all.

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THUNDERBOLT'S DREAD WORK.

Walter Wheeler, a Well Known Citizen
Of Covina, Killed on the Very
Summit of Mount San Geronio,
or Gray Back
Mountain.

The tragic death of Walter Wheeler, who for the past ten years has been a resident of Covina, which occurred on Monday at the very summit of Grayback, the highest peak of the San Bernardino range, came as a terrible shock to his family and numerous friends throughout the valley on Tuesday morning. The news was received shortly before 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning in a dispatch from George B. Grant to Mrs. Wheeler, informing her of her husband's death, but it contained no details.

Mr. Wheeler left Covina Friday in company with a cousin, George B. Grant of Pasadena, a well known botanist, on a botanizing excursion to the summit of "Old Grayback," it being their intention to make the ascent gradually, gathering on the way specimens of rare plants to add to the valuable collection already owned by Mr. Grant.

The story of the death of Wheeler, and the awful experiences of the party was told by Mr. Grant, testifying at the coroner's inquest.

"I proposed the trip about two weeks ago," said Mr. Grant. Mr. Wheeler and I reached Mentone on Friday morning last and went direct to a camp in Mill Creek canyon and stopped there over night. In the morning we met Genious Dobbs, a guide, and took him along with us." Mr. Grant explained that the trip was for the two-fold purpose of botanical research and recreation. He and Mr. Wheeler had

made several similar trips in the Sierras and other mountains.

They engaged five burros. Two of these were pack burros and three were used for riding. The party went up Mill Creek canyon, about four miles, where they crossed and hit a trail which took them to a spot known as Dobb's Camp.

There they camped for the night and on Sunday morning packed up and went over the trail to High Creek, the last place to secure water going to the summit of San Geronio. This point is 9,500 feet above sea level. Monday they continued their journey and at about 10 o'clock they reached the bare summit of the mountain, 11,500 feet above sea level. The sky was threatening in appearance, and Mr. Grant said that he was very nervous at the prospect of an approaching storm.

Saw Storm Approaching.

"I was the first to reach the top," said Mr. Grant. "Dobbs and Mr. Wheeler were still on the way up when I turned back, but they were not together. I saw that a storm was coming up. There was a black cloud overhead. It was as black as smoke from a locomotive funnel. I never thought of lightning and I don't think the others did. We were chiefly afraid of a hurricane or hail storm. As I was coming down I saw them still going up, and I heard a crash and saw a flash of lightning. That first flash struck down the guide, then at the tip top point, but I did not then know that. I shouted and urged Walter to seek shelter, but he did not think that there was any danger.

"It's all going away," Walter replied.

"You don't know, and you had better seek shelter," I answered. "It's best to go back to the woods in case of a hurricane," I yelled to him. On account of my urging him he came back toward

the bushes where we had left the burros. I forgot the answer he made when I again urged him to hurry, but the purport of it was that one place was as good and as safe as another.

The Deadly Flash.

"I was sitting upon a rock when I heard another crash close to me. I didn't see the flash of lightning but I immediately turned around. I was within the circle of the shock and I smelt a sort of sulphurous odor, or a brimstone odor, such as accompanies lightning where it strikes. As I turned around I saw Walter lying flat on his back. His clothes had been torn almost completely from his body and he was almost naked. His khaki suit was completely torn in shreds.

A Terrible Sight.

"Walter's face was purple. His eyes were wide open, and there was a distinct volume of smoke coming from his mouth. I called in his ear and asked him if he could hear me, but he made no answer. A few seconds later I saw a slight convulsion run through his body as if he had taken a breath, but this convulsive movement quickly passed, and he never moved again. I then called for the guide, but I received no answer. I felt dazed myself.

Finding Dobbs Crazy.

"Walter was about sixty feet from me at the time he was struck. Suddenly I saw Dobbs rise and then fall down again and groan. I ran towards him, and before I reached him he had risen and fallen again four or five times, and he was raving as if in great pain. He was evidently out of his head. I took him to Walter's body and showed it to him, thinking that the sight of it would restore him but he did not seem to realize what had happened. He was completely dazed.

"Don't you see Walter?" I asked him.

"Walter who?" he asked.

"Walter Wheeler," I answered.

"Don't know him," was his reply.

"Don't you know me?" I asked.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"George Grant," I replied.

"Don't know you," was his answer.

"I asked the guide these questions."

continued Mr. Grant, "for the purpose of testing his sanity, and seeing the condition he was in I forced him to the ground. The man cried and called for his mother and acted like a child. He did not know anything and could not realize anything. I could not make him realize that there had been a deadly stroke of lightning that had killed Walter, and he doesn't know it to this minute."

Getting Dobbs Down.

Grant then told the story of his efforts to bring Dobbs with him down the mountain to secure help to recover the body of Mr. Wheeler. The guide seemed to have a lucid interval and he mounted a burro and together with Mr. Grant began the journey. But the pace was too slow to suit the latter and he finally decided to leave Dobbs to make his way down while he hurried on foot in search of assistance. He threw the reins of his burro to Dobbs and the latter led the animal while remaining mounted upon his own burro. Mr. Grant hurried down the trail, looking back frequently to see if the guide was all right.

"The last I saw of him at the time" said Mr. Grant, taking up the thread of his narrative, "he was driving both animals ahead of him and walking. I thought he was all right, and hurried on. My strength was only a matter of excitement, and I was obliged to lie down frequently. I had two things impressed upon my mind. One was to get down the mountain, and the other was not to get off the trail. I first struck

camp where we had spent the night before and there I saw a man under a tent and told him what had happened. I had traveled about four miles.

Printer Chapman Renders Aid.

"The man under the tent was a printer named A. D. Chapman, who worked on the Redlands Facts. I told him there was a man dead up the mountain and another lost or on the way down. It was half past one o'clock in the afternoon when Chapman left me to go to Dobbs' assistance, and I waited at his tent until 6 o'clock. When he did not arrive at that hour I went over to where we had left our camp and made preparations to spend the night there. About 7 o'clock Chapman and Dobbs came down together.

Bringing the Body.

"They had brought the body with them, strapped on one of the burros lengthwise. Dobbs was then perfectly rational. Chapman told me that he had found Dobbs about two miles up the trail, wandering around. He fired his pistol to attract his attention and succeeded. Dobbs appeared to be all right, but he had absolutely no recollection of what had happened. It was Chapman's opinion that Dobbs recovered his reason because he had fallen head foremost several times in coming down the mountain and that the blood rushed to his head and helped him. Whether there is anything in that from a scientific point of view I don't know, but at any rate Dobbs was perfectly sane when he reached where I was, but Chapman had to tell him the whole story of what had happened. He had not the slightest recollection of anything. His mind was a perfect blank during the time on the mountain top."

Watching the Corpse.

After a slight supper Chapman left Grant and Dobbs together while he con-

tinued down the trail nine miles further for help. The two weary and stricken men sat up all night watching the body of their friend, ready to save it from any attacks from wild beasts. They feared that the smell of blood would permeate the forests and bring upon them mountain lions and wild cats.

"I could not sleep, said Mr. Grant, "although I laid down for a while. At midnight I arose, replenished the camp fire, and sat up the rest of the night. About 9 o'clock in the morning Chapman returned, accompanied by two men. He had reached the camp at 11 o'clock.

Arrange to Move Body.

"These men," resumed Mr. Grant, "brought with them two long poles. They knocked some boxes apart and, after wrapping the body in some blankets and tent cloths they placed it upon boards and then placed the whole on one of the burros. Then, with the four men steadying the body, we started down the trail. We calculated to get down in eight hours. We started in a storm which increased in fury as we went along. It was a hail and rain storm, and the hail came down in sheets, the size of rifle bullets. The country around was covered to a depth of three inches with hail stones in a very short time.

Storm Bound With Corpse.

"Soon the burros became uncontrollable. The one upon which the body had been placed refused to go any further, as did the rest of them, and shook it off his back. The men then took it and supported it to the brush and left it. We all then went ahead. I was about exhausted and Chapman supported me practically all the way down. A cloud burst had obliterated the trail, and where it had not done so it was hidden by the hail. Chapman had to leave me several times to hunt up the trail. We finally succeeded in making our